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WAYSIDE NOTES

THE OASIS Man Reaches the Yaqui River, After a Hard Journey From Matape.

SUAQUI DE BATUC, SONORA, Mex.,
October 3rd, 1903.

Contrary to expectation the pack train which was to convey to Suaqui de Batuc the merchandise of Mr. McCallum failed to materialize at the time appointed yesterday morning, and he was not ready to start with me as anticipated. So when I had breakfasted and my guide had appeared, mounted and ready for the journey, I started without the company I had been promised. But I shortly discovered that it made no difference, for before we had gone a league my guide took off from the main road into the one we had traversed the preceding day toward the Quincy mines.

Before getting out from Matape I had an experience getting into the mail my letter written from that place, and time will only show whether I was successful. As we started I told my guide we would stop at the post office to mail the letter. We found the office closed, and there came no response to my repeated knocks. At the suggestion of a man across the street I pushed the door open and entered, but found no one there. I passed on beyond, crossed the patio and found an old woman making tortillas. She told me the postmaster was out in the street somewhere, but she could sell me postage stamps. With that she went into the office to get some, but was unable to find them. I then went down the street to a store a block away and succeeded in securing some stamps which I affixed to the letter, and returned to the post office. But the old woman had locked the door, returned to her kitchen, and I could not get inside to mail my letter. At that juncture the syndic (town clerk) passed, and the guide requested him to take the letter and deliver it to the postmaster when the latter functionary should present an appearance, with which request the notable present complied, in the first part. Whether he carried out the second part of the agreement will appear at the other end of the road—the Nogales postoffice.

From Matape my guide took me a couple of leagues over the same trail we followed the preceding day in going to the Quincy group of mines, and then followed another trail leading more to the northeast, and crossing the divide a couple of miles farther north, at an elevation considerably higher. At the summit we could see Matape, nine leagues to the westward, and the church there stood out in bold relief, a conspicuous object in the landscape, while the windings of the arroyo, with the green cornfields on either side were plainly visible. Following down the eastern slope a couple of miles we descended into a deep cañon, and climbed another lofty height, where we crossed another ridge upon which we passed the Alamos mine, one of

the Quincy group, but about two miles away, along the same ledge, from the main workings visited the preceding day.

In scaling the *cordon* toward the Marquesa mine my guide missed the trail and led me floundering for a while over a very rough country, covered with tall grass. He finally found the trail again, which led us up over the *cordon* into a very pretty region, covered with a fine growth of white oak timber, and deep grass, in the midst of which we found a beautiful little swale, greatly resembling Guacomera Flat, in the Patagonia mountains. In the center of that is a little *ciénega* with constantly flowing water, beside which are the ruins of a *casa* (Mexican smelter) and an *arrastra*, where ores from the mine were successfully reduced by the first owners. They first treated the ore in the *arrastra* for the gold and silver,

fifty miles over a very rough and rocky road had been traversed, and mule and rider were both ready to rest.

After supper I called upon Don Francisco Arvizu, another warm friend and admirer of THE OASIS, who is a prominent merchant here, and was warmly greeted.

Mr. H. A. King, well known in Nogales, is a resident of Suaqui de Batuc, and he was also on hand to welcome me. Mr. King has very valuable mining interests in this region, some of which, (the Copper Prince) have heretofore been mentioned in THE OASIS.

In the course of the evening I received a call from Doctor W. R. Hornbeak, who is prospecting in this region, representing some Los Angeles people, who are turning their attention to Sonora mines. The gentleman has secured some very promising properties upon

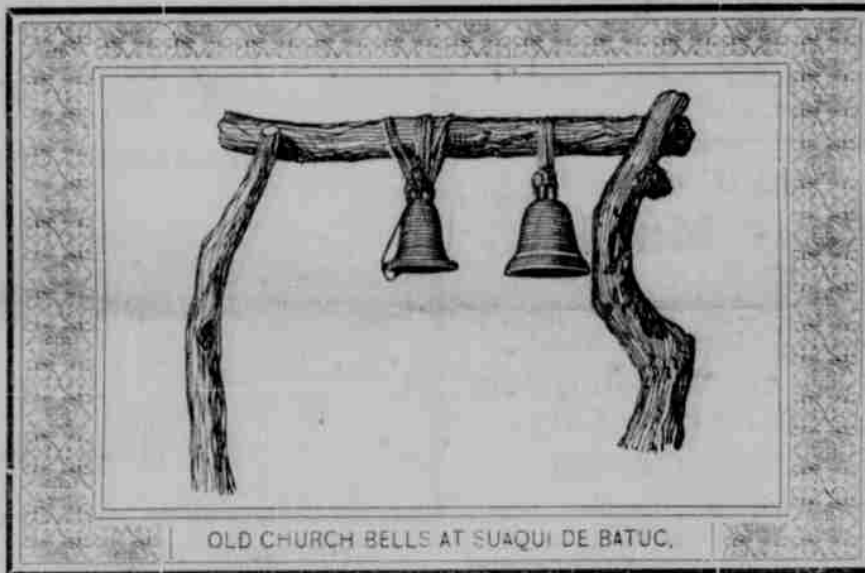
And of each one advantage is taken by the kids to get up an impromptu dancing school on the side.

In "Wayside Notes" of earlier trips mention has been made of the old bells hanging in front of a dismantled church at Suaqui de Batuc. Herewith is presented an engraving which gives a perfect representation of their appearance. They are very crude in construction, very old and are reputed to have been made from metal smelted from copper taken from the Boleo mines, not far away, south of the Yaqui river, now the property of Doctor A. C. Wright, and included in the holdings of his Yaqui River Copper Company. Different from many of the old church bells in this region, they bear no year nor inscription, and are probably some of the very earliest made during the period of Spanish occupation.

While I was in Mr. Maldonado's store to-day some girls brought in some hats they had made from the fibre of the palm tree, which grows very plentifully in the mountain valleys hereabout, which are of really excellent quality, and there is no doubt that many of the Panama hats, which have been so stylish in the United States the past two or three years, are of the same material, and made in Mexico, instead of the reputed fine grasses that are said to grow exclusively in Panama, Venezuela and Ecuador. As described by Mr. Maldonado, the process of manufacture is very slow and tedious. With needles the palm leaves are split into long, very thin and very narrow strips, which are dried and then bleached. These strips are then woven in the hats and the hat is again bleached. When that is done—and the weaving is a week's work—the hats are brought to the store and sold at a price which enables their sale at Guaymas and Hermosillo, to which points they are shipped, at \$21.00 Mexican, per dozen. I have seen many high priced Panama hats, that blocked and trimmed commanded \$10.00 gold, in the United States, which were no finer in texture and quality. When one gets an inside view like this of the actual cost of articles sold and used in the United States, and what they are charged to the American consumer, the reflection is forced that the said American consumer is "a rank sucker." Very likely the fine Panama hats, which sell in the United States for \$25 to \$50 gold, originally cost little, if any, more than these I have seen brought into Suaqui de Batuc and sold to-day. No wonder that the commercial classes in the United States pile up fortunes. This Panama hat business is an instance.

A. T. B.

The amended incorporation laws of Arizona provide that ALL incorporations, not only those organized under the new law, but those created before its adoption, must file with the Territorial Auditor a certificate of appointment of an agent, without which they have no standing in court, in case of litigation. THE OASIS has for sale blank notices of such appointments as agent. Apply at the office. *



OLD CHURCH BELLS AT SUAQUI DE BATUC.

and then smelted the tailings for the copper. In later years the mine was again worked and the ores shipped, with good profit. My guide told me that he had transported the ores for the owners, with a pack train.

We crossed over to the mine, about a mile away, and I passed some time looking over the ground. There has been considerable work and there is the making of a great mine. A more extended description, with engravings, will be presented in THE OASIS at a later date.

We left the Marquesa shortly after noon and the guide took me directly north about four leagues to the main road between Matape and Suaqui de Batuc, crossing several lofty divides, descending into and ascending out of three deep cañons, over a very rough and precipitous trail. At 3:30 we reached the main trail, where I parted with my guide, who returned to Matape, and I continued to this place, a distance of six leagues farther. I passed Tepupa just at sunset and a little distance this side of that place I met my esteemed friend Don Manuel Maldonado, of Suaqui, who invited me to go directly to his house, and there make my stay. A quarter of an hour later a very tired mule stopped in front of Mr. Maldonado's house, and a very tired rider dismounted, receiving a cordial greeting from Mrs. Maldonado and her very charming sister, Señorita Antonia. Since morning

which development will be prosecuted.

This morning I discovered that Doctor Hornbeak had been a captain in the Confederate army and was with Forrest at the battle of Guntown, Mississippi, in 1864, where Curtis was so severely defeated—I was in that command. We quit talking mines and mining, and devoted some time to a comparison of reminiscences of that sanguinary fight.

Yesterday evening the band was out and gave a *serenata* in the plaza, and the evening's enjoyment terminated in the usual *baile* in the moonlight, participated in by all the young people. It seemed to me that they have these open air concerts and balls every evening, and I so remarked, but Señorita Antonia assured me that they occur only when I come along—a bit of flattery that was unanticipated. But, as upon former occasions, I was too fatigued for *bailes* to be of any attraction. Several times I was awakened by the music, and the hilarity of the participants. One of the amusing features was to see the kids—the "trundle bed trash," as they would be called in the United States,—too young to be given recognition in society, dancing on the outside. It is no wonder that the Mexicans are all good dancers, accustomed as they are to music and dancing from very childhood. Every little town has its band (and they all discourse excellent music) and the public *serenatas* are of frequent occurrence.